THE WASP.

By Robert Ruſticoat, Eſquire.

Vol. I.] *"To laſh the Raſcals naked through the world."* [No. 4.

HUDSON, AUGUST 12, 1802.

QUERIES FOR MR. HOLT.

SIR,

IT is well known, that you was bro't here, by virtue of five hundred dollars, raiſed for that purpoſe, by the leading democrats in this city. That the public may know, therefore, with how much purity and independence you will conduct, in your editorial labours, will you be kind enough to anſwer the following queſtions?

1ſt. Did the contributors to the five hundred dollars purchaſe you, as they purchaſe negroes in Virginia, or hire you, as they hire ſervants in New-England?

2d. Are you not a mere automaton, in the hands of your maſters; pledged to publiſh whatever ſlanders or falſhoods, they ſhall dictate. And by your contract with them, if you refuſe to pollute your ſheets, have they not a right to ſhip you back again to your 350 ſubſcribers in New-London?

3d. Which of your very *literary, virtuous and intelligent purchaſers* is to become your aſſiſtant, in the political department—which in the moral—which in the metaphyſical and which in the poetical?

4th. Is your Bee to ſuck her honey, from thoſe putrid and filthy ſubſtances, which heretofore, has furniſhed her—Or, in other words, is ſhe to live, by extracting enormous and flagrant falſhoods from the "Aurora"—blundering and blackguard ſcraps from the "Citizen"—atheiſtical and driveling numbers from the "Chronicle"—jeſuitical and hollow paragraphs from the "National Intelligencer"—and ſleepy, hobling rhymes from the "Ægis"?

Your prompt anſwer to the above queſtions, will ſhew the public, whether they are to conſider you, a hireling Editor, willing to ſell your conſcience for bread,—or a repenting ſinner, ſtriving to reform and atone for enormities, paſt, but not forgotten. I am ſir, with vaſt reſpect, your friend,

R. RUSTICOAT.

THE "Rhode-Iſland Republican" begins to feel the effects of that economy which is now the burden of the democratic ſong. In a long canting piece in that paper, humbly begging "his friends and the public in general to give him a little money, "a few pence," he ſays that if they do not help the Republican papers [meaning his own among the reſt] they muſt all periſh."—I believe this filthy thing, has almoſt lived its

day. But friend Farnſworth even you have ſenſe enough to know that every democrat of taſte [if indeed ſuch a phenomenon ever exiſted] muſt prefer the correct, inteligent and well executed federal papers, to ſuch bungling things as yours and that of Benoni Williams—you never can alter it—no, though your brother in law, the famous oration-monger ſhould ſpout unintelligible pedantry until his fingers clung to his pen.

COMMUNICATION—FOR THE WASP.

A FEW "SQUALLY" FACTS.

MR. Jefferſon wrote a letter to Mazzei, in which he plainly declared that he deteſted our conſtitution and that he and his friends would break its "Lilliputian ties." Mr. Jefferſon was too weak in his nerves, *openly* to ſtem the popular current, ſetting ſo ſtrongly in favor of the conſtitution, he therefore inſidiouſly, determined to gratify his hatred, by endeavoring covertly to undermine it—

For this purpoſe,

1ſt. He employed Freneau and paid him, for writing the groſſeſt lies and moſt ſcandalous calumnies againſt all its friends and ſupporters—

2d. He covertly, encouraged every other, who would proſtitute his pen, in an attempt to deſtroy the character and influence of Waſhington and his aſſociates—Witneſs his friendly invitation to Tom Paine, immediately after that infidel had written his villainous libel on our beloved Waſhington—Witneſs his encouragement and even writing in that ſink of filth the Aurora—Witneſs in ſhort his whole conduct and policy—

3d. He paid out of his own pocket one hundred dollars to Callender, a drunken Scotchman, for writing "the Proſpect before us"—A production than which, none more malignant, more falſe, more indecent and more truly helliſh, ever iſſued from the head and heart, even of a profeſſed jacobin. Nay! [more ſcandalous ſtill] he wrote part of that very book—and perhaps that very part, in which Waſhington is called in effect a corrupted villain and a traitor.

4th. He, from his own pocket, moſtly defrayed the expences of publiſhing Callender's hiſtory of the United States for 1796—a compleat counterpart of the Proſpect before us—a thing ſimilar to the ſuppreſſed hiſtory of Wood—and ſtuffed as full of falſhood and ſlander as to diſguſt even almoſt every faction in this country.

By theſe acts, with a thouſand others, epually vile and deſpicable Mr. Jefferſon became conſtitutionally* Preſident; ſince which he has proceeded more openly in his attacks upon the Conſtitution. As

1ſt. He ordered money to be paid out of the treaſury to repair the Berceau, contrary to the clauſe in the conſtitution which gives the ſole power of appropriating money to Congreſs.

2d. He has diſplaced the honeſt patriots of this country and appointed to ſucceed them foreigners and flatterers, who have always ſhewn themſelves hoſtile to it; one of whom† was prime agent, in raiſing an inſurrection to oppoſe the conſtituted authorities.

3d. He planned and directed the attack on the conſtitution laſt winter, by which the independence of the judiciary was deſtroyed and our conſtitution marred and mangled.

4th. He has remitted a fine to a criminal,‡ after the fine was collected, againſt the expreſs proviſion of the conſtitution.

5th. He releaſed Duane from a proſecution, inſtituted for a libel on the Senate, without the leaſt authority from the conſtitution, or any law—only, becauſe Duane had contributed his ſhare to *lie* him into office. It would be an endleſs taſk to enumerate the many acts, in direct hoſtility to common ſenſe and the conſtitution, of which this "*man of the people*" has been guilty—Theſe are facts, and I now aſk his friends and foes—every American—do you not bluſh, for your country and your Preſident?—Do you not in all this plainly perceive the little arts—the very little arts, of a very little mind—"Alas! what will the world think of the fold if ſuch is the ſhhepherd."

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* *I ſay* "conſtitutionally" *for Mr. Jefferſon had not a majority of the freemen in his favor.—It is capable of mathematical demonſtration that, without the aſſiſtance of the ſlaves in his own ſtate and others to the ſouthward, Jefferſon could never have been Preſident.*

† *Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treaſury.*

‡ *Callender.*

FOR THE WASP.

MR. RUSTICOAT,

I HAVE heard ſome perſons, who affect a ſort of "political neutrality," cenſure your paper, as being too full of invective and abuſe. Such perſons do not know, or do not wiſh to know, that you have to deal with a ſet of fellows, who have daſhed honor from their ſides, and waged war againſt morality—who are ſo habituated to lying, that in them it has become, as it were, a ſecond nature; and who are ſo far beyond the reach of reformation, that on them gentle admonition is ineffectual.

Truth to their minds is like arſenic to the conſtitutions. It's light is to them like the rays of the ſun to the mole. They cannot live under it. They grope in darkneſs, and feed on falſhood. It is the duty of every honeſt man, to drag them before the altar of public juſtice—to exhibit them in all their deformities, and "to laſh the raſcals naked through the world!" In ſhort to make a "negative inſtruction of them to ſociety."—You have only diſcharged that duty.

ANTI-JACO'.

FOR THE WASP.

IT is really amuſing to hear our democrats complain of the "lacerations of ſlander," and the vile abuſe heaped upon them by the federals. Surely they ought not to complain, who have told us, that, armed with conſcious honeſty, they bade defiance to the attacks of calumny, For my part I did not expect it. I imagined, that this "pure ſect" (when in power) would view with philoſophical contempt the pigmy efforts of a "diſappointed faction." The cauſe of their complaints can now be ſatisfactorily explained. They find a difference in applying the laſh of ſlander, and in feeling the ſcourge of truth. By propagating the moſt wicked falſhoods, and miſrepreſenting the acts of the late adminiſtration in the moſt wanton manner, they got themſelves into power; and now when their baſeneſs is expoſed—when truth ſtares them in the face, and juſtice applies the laſh, theſe pretended angels of purity complain of the "lacerations of ſlander."

A BELL-HEADED Democrat of New-Jerſey, has undertaken, (under the influence of *whiſkey*, no doubt) to parody my ſong of "Democratic Ding-Dong." He ſucceeds about as well in *parody* as Mitchell does in *proem*. However, he was careful not to publiſh the original ſong by the ſide of his parody—ſo that very few who ſee the one will ever have an opportunity of ſeeing the other. This trick diſcovers more ſagacity than I ever thought belonged to *Pennington & Gould*, printers of the paper in which the parody appears. It is well the parody-maker imitated the Dutch picture-maker, who always wrote the name of his pieces over the top, that people might know what they were intended for.—This New-Jerſey rhyming-devil, who is ſuppoſed to be related to the celebrated *dancers* of that ſtate, ſays, "a tory's head" (by which nobody knows what he means) is like a *log of wood*—that it is a *ſtone*, made of *horn*, and filled with *lead*.—Now, judging from ſuch productions as this parody, one would be apt to imagine that this Jerſeyman's head is not much unlike a pumpkin, filled with——nothing.——In a note, he ſays "The conductors of the Balance are ſaid to edit the Waſp." This falſhood is *ſaid* by none but democrats, who take the liberty to ſay any thing but truth.

☞ *The demand for the WASP has been great, beyond my expectations. Tho' five hundred of each of the three firſt numbers were ſtruck off, ſome hundreds have been called for ſince thoſe were all ſold. I have it, therefore, in contemplation to print a ſecond edition of thoſe numbers, in which caſe, ſuch perſons as have not received the whole, ſhall have the deficiencies made up.*

To CORRESPONDENTS.

The Fable of the mules diſputing about their pedigree, is received, but it would be unpardonable to fill up as large a part of the Wasp as that would occupy, merely to prove that the democrats are a parcel of aſſes, a point long ſince eſtabliſhed.

An *Anecdote* communicated for the Wasp, cannot have a place—because *William Duane* and *the Devil* are both mentioned in it; and it would be degrading to his Satannic Majeſty to be named in the ſame paragraph with one of his dirtieſt under-devils.

[*The lovers of humor, I have no doubt, will reliſh the following ſong. The author is a particular friend of mine; and is better known as a good natured, jovial companion, than as a poet. However, taking this production for a ſpecimen, it may reaſonably be concluded, that he will become no unpromiſing candidate for Parnaſſian honors.*]

EDIT. WASP.

FOR THE WASP.

A NEW YANKEE DOODLE.

THERE's Charley Holt is come to town,
A proper lad with types, ſir;
The democrats have fetch'd him here,
To give the federals ſtripes, ſir.

CHORUS.

But feds will firmly ſtand their ground,
And ſnub their foes ſo handy,
For Demos are a ſtingy pack,
But fed'rals are the dandy.

He prints a paper call'd the BEE,
A buzzing little thing, ſir,
That from New-England lately chas'd,
Points here its feeble ſting, ſir,

The yankees ſoon found out its drift—
Curs'd one and all the brat, ſir,

And Charley and his Bee they ſent,
To pleaſe our democrats, ſir.

The Balance-folks ſeem cruel fraid
That he'll pull down their ſcales, ſir,
And ſo they've got a pokeriſh WASP,
To ſling him with his tail, ſir.

'Twixt you and I, the Bee's no Bee,
No more than any hornet,
And never could *no* honey get—
Could neither make nor earn *it*;

Was in New-London fairly ſtarv'd—
Indeed could never thrive, ſir,
'Caze, like a knaviſh drone he tried,
To ſteal from fed'ral hives, ſir,

The demos feel tarnation proud
To have out'anti' papers;
They boaſt that Holt, with ſkill to lie,
Is up to any caper's.

They'll have the Mayor's council in,
Soon's ever they can work it;
And then they'll lay a city tax,
To build another Market.

And Holt ſhall write his paper full
To juſtify the meaſure;
And Ambroſe ſpit his venom here,
Whenever he has leiſure.

Here gooſy Johnny, too, ſhall come,
All with his mighty larnin;
And weekly load the drooping bee
With ſtuff not worth a farthing.—

Here, too, *Tom tit* ſhall hobble on,
Illum'd with northern light, ſir;
And rail at government and law,
As if they wasn't right, ſir.

Here publiſh after court his charge,
And ſhew how cute his ſenſe is,
By proving man ſhould never take,
From brother man his pences.

Here, too, may come the man of pox,
Deſerting Canaan's vales, ſir,
T' explain how democratic clubs
So nation quick did fail, ſir.

Mahomet, too, ſhall publiſh here
His viſions in his trances:—
And ſwear he ſpoke on Congreſs floor,
The very ſame romances,

Shall ſwear he knows from actual uſe
That coaches are the beauties;
And ſugar, tea and ſalt juſt fit
To pay the plaguey duties.

And glorious times, you may depend,
The democrats will ſee, ſir;
Twelve months this drone ſhall buzz about,
And then farewell to Bee, ſir,
But feds, &c.

SIMON SLEEKJACKET.

NOTES,—Comical, Critical, and Explanatory.—By the Editor.

A proper lad with Types.]—If this is true Holt's qualifications are somewhat similar to those ascribed to a patriot editor, who was recommended to the democrats a few weeks since.——The story goes thus:—After the democrats had resolved on having a press of their own, a hireling offered his services, by the agency of a friend, who was a kind of bell-weather to the flock. An old inquisitive man asked the friend if the printer recommended was a *smart* man? "Oh, yes,"—replied he "*a very smart press-man.*"

He prints a paper call'd the Bee.]—Here Simon goes too fast—The Bee has never yet been printed in Hudson: However, it is about commencing; and I cannot but remark that the season in which it makes its first appearance augurs very unfavorably for its success. It calls to mind the following lines, which I have heard my grandmother repeat a thousand times:—

A swarm of Bees in May,
Is worth a load of Hay,
A swarm of Bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon,
A swarm of Bees in July
Is not worth a fly.

"And what are they worth if they don't swarm till August?" said I to my grand mother one day, after hearing her repeat these lines.—"Why then," said the old woman, "They must surely starve, for they can't make honey enough to keep them through the winter."

To please our democrats, sir.]—In this they have succeeded. Our democrats are not only pleased with Mr. Holt's arrival—but they are absolutely tickled; and the same faces, which, but a short time since, were be-clouded with the most malignant and ill-natured scowls, are now covered with broad grins, which spread from ear to ear.

The Balance folks, &c.]—Simon seems to have imbibed a notion as well as several others, that I am the Don Quixote of the Balance, and that I have sallied out to fight its battles.—This is a mistake.—I do, indeed, keep my office in the garret of the Balance; but the public may rest assured that I shall never lend my weight to either one end or the other of the *scale-beam.*——This is a declaration of some importance, as it is well known, that not only a *Wasp*, but even a *fly* may turn the scales when equally poized.

————*The Bee's no Bee.*]—So I have long suspected.

PRINTED AT THE BALANCE-OFFICE,
BY HARRY CROSWELL,
FOR THE EDITOR.